NEW YORK HERALD

PUBLISHED BY THE SUN-HERALD CORPORATION, 280 BROADWAY. TELEPHONE, WORTH 10,000.

Directors and officers: Frank A. Munsey, President; Ervin Wardman, Vice-President; Wm. T. Dewart, Treasurer; R. H. Titherington, Secretary.

MAIL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

DOMESTIC.

By Mail, Postpaid.	One Year.	Six Months.	One Month.
DAILY & SUNDAY	$12.00	$6.00	$1.00
DAILY only	10.00	5.00	.85
SUNDAY only	4.00	2.25	.40
SUNDAY only, Canada	5.50	2.75	.50

Domestic rates apply to numerous South American countries and to Spain and its possessions.

FOREIGN.

DAILY & SUNDAY	$26.00	$13.50	$2.40
DAILY only	17.40	8.70	1.45
SUNDAY only	9.78	5.12	.86

All checks, money orders, &c., to be made payable to The Sun-Herald.

Branch Offices for receipt of advertisements and sale of papers:

PRINCIPAL UPTOWN OFFICE—BROADWAY AT 57TH ST. Entrance 1367 Broadway. Telephone Fitz Roy 1500. Open until 12 midnight.

HARLEM OFFICE—206 WEST 125TH ST., NEAR SEVENTH AVE. Tel. 794 Morningside. Open until 12 midnight.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS OFFICE—885 WEST 181ST ST. Tel. 9008 Wadsworth. Open until 10 P. M.

SIXTEENTH ST. OFFICE—CORNER 16TH ST. AND SEVENTH AVE. Tel. Chelsea 4000. Open all day and night.

BROOKLYN OFFICE—24 COURT ST. Tel. Triangle 7100. Open until 10 P. M.

BRONX OFFICE—518 WILLIS AVE., AT 148TH ST. Tel. 9666 Melrose. Open until 10 P. M.

Principal American and Foreign Bureaus.

WASHINGTON—The Munsey Building.
CHICAGO—208 South La Salle St.
LONDON—40-43 Fleet St.
PARIS—49 Avenue de l'Opera, 38 Rue du Louvre.
BERLIN—Dorotheenstrasse 34 (Hof Links).
ROME—56 Via Gregoriana.
DUBLIN—27 Westmoreland St.

THE NEW YORK HERALD was founded by James Gordon Bennett in 1835. It remained the sole property of its founder until his death, in 1872, when his son, also James Gordon Bennett, succeeded to the ownership of the paper, which remained in his hands until his death, in 1918. THE HERALD became the property of Frank A. Munsey, its present owner, in 1920.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1922.

A Year.

What is a year?

A man given to cold science and cosmic vision will tell you that a year is the time it takes for this insignificant planet laboriously to make its way around an inferior star. "Laboriously" in this case means a thousand miles a minute, the earth meanwhile revolving on its own axis at the sluggish rate of a thousand miles an hour.

The spinning of our world, its tireless circling of the sun, the mad rush of the whole solar system toward the end of the endless street of the universe—these have human effect only in the coming of night and day, the parade of the seasons and the passing of the years.

What is a year?

To a child it is a stretch of school, broken by daily play, holidays and vacations and brightened with a birthday. It is measured by the seasons and their sports, the studies and their sorrows.

To adolescence it is something to be parted with for a promise of the future.

To youthful maturity it is a flying thing, gone before it seems well started; a jewel to be tossed into the cap of the beggar Pleasure or handed grudgingly to sober faced Industry.

To middle age it is a coin the worth of whose predecessors was not realized.

To the old it is the measure of the long past and the brief future.

How dreary life would be without the yardstick of the year! Existence unbroken by the green hills of recurring spring, the brown plains of summer, autumn's gold and winter's ermine were a drab thing. Suppose life began and ended with Time unmeasured! It would not do.

For the years are the portions into which the bread of Hope is broken. If the last piece has fallen upon the floor of Failure, still there stands Time, the perfect waiter, to help the guest anew.

We do not know how long old Time has served the years to man. The first wise Egyptian who discovered, with a stick and a shadow, what a year is—he did not know, either. Nor can man know how many years there will be before infinity overwhelms the calendar.

But we shall know when the bells ring to-night that one more year is ours. All the years behind are as far out of our grasp as the years of RAMESES, of ALEXANDER or of CHARLEMAGNE. You cannot reach backward and undo the plucking of a blade of grass. But you can reach forward and change the fortunes of a life.

It is your year. No President or Prince can have more of it than you. For the old man with the hourglass is the fairest of all the givers. Health, wealth, beauty, intellect, space—all these can be divided unevenly; but to each man is given the same year to mold as he can and will. He makes it big or little.

After 12 o'clock to-night 1922 belongs to history, but 1923 belongs to you!

More Deaths by Violence.

Deaths by violence in the United States show an increase in the mortality statistics of 1921, the preliminary figures of which have been issued by the Census Bureau. The 1921 total of 79,577 is 3,000 in excess of the total of 1920. The total number of those who died from violence last year equals the population of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, or Knoxville, Tennessee.

The chief cause of this mortality was suicide, the deaths from which increased nearly 30 per cent. over the figures of 1920 and exceeded the motor car killings by 11,136 to 10,168. In the case of both motor car killings and homicides about an even thousand victims were added to the record of the previous year. Deaths from mine and machine shop accidents decreased about one-quarter, showing that the safety first movement is accomplishing results.

A score of years ago the railways were usually held to be responsible for the largest number of deaths from accidents due to preventable causes, with an annual record of 10,000 killings. With a passenger traffic aggregating one and one-quarter billions, double that of twenty years ago, the number of such fatal accidents has been reduced one-half. Incidentally the number of passengers killed, fewer than 300 in 1920, is about one-third the record of twenty years ago. Most victims of railway accidents are neither passengers nor employees; about two-thirds of the number are trespassers, persons walking along the tracks, skulking in yards for no good purpose, stealing rides on freight trains or recklessly crossing tracks at grade in disregard of approaching trains.

The last named cause of death is prominent in the list. Moreover, it is a cause easily preventable. Education of the public in prudence and the elimination of grade crossings should reduce the number of violent deaths due to this cause. ●

Light Breaking on the European Deadlock.

The deadlock over German reparations, and all it entails, is the biggest menace threatening the world to-day.

America has been slow to act in this matter, reluctant to project herself into the situation, which now has become so acute that in her own interest and in the interest of the restoration of Europe to economic health, in the interest of world peace, she can stay out no longer.

America, through President HARDING and Secretary HUGHES, has at last spoken, and spoken clearly and definitely. America's stake in this problem, represented by seventy-five thousand dead soldiers, by two hundred and twenty-one thousand maimed and wounded soldiers and by an initial cash outlay of thirty-five billions of dollars, which will amount to one hundred billions of dollars before the last cent is paid, more than justifies her in projecting herself into the situation.

With America initiating a move looking to a common sense handling of this problem, with the new British Government obviously in sympathy with America's views and already taking a strong stand in the matter, with Chancellor CUNO earnestly approaching the problem from the German end, and so approaching it that his reparations figures are, or seem to be, in substantial accord with the tentative figures of BONAR LAW, the outlook for a permanent and wise settlement of this sore question is hopeful.

At all events light is breaking on the deadlock; action, unprejudiced action, is in sight. And no nation will benefit more from a settlement that can be met by Germany, a settlement that would have international approval, than France would, though the new reparations figures be much smaller than France has set her heart on getting.

The truth is that there never was a chance of Germany paying thirty-five billions of dollars with interest in reparations. It was not possible and is not possible. A heavy cut in the reparations figures, reducing them to a point at which they can be met, means no actual reduction at all. The cut is from fanciful figures, not from possible figures.

Moreover, the sooner France comes to realize that it is not possible to get the impossible out of a debtor the better it will be for France and the better for the rest of the world.

That America has the same sympathy for France in her trying economic situation and in her trying situation in respect of reparations and in her geographical relation to Germany she had for France five years ago is certain; it is quite the same as was America's sympathy for France during the armed struggle.

When America differs with France, as America has done and is doing, on the question of reparations and her general attitude toward the vanquished it must not be taken by France to mean that American sympathy is swinging to Germany and away from France, for this is not the fact.

What America wants is to see this sore question settled, and America has her views, decided and emphatic views, as to how it should be settled, and America's stake in the situation makes it imperative that she take decided action.

Delaware's Whipping Post.

The perennial discussion of the whipping post question has once more come up in Delaware. For years every session of the State Legislature has seen the introduction of a bill for the abolition of this relic of Colonial days.

The coming session will be no exception to the rule. GEORGE B. MILLER, a member of the Society of Friends, is preparing a bill to abolish the whipping post and he proposes to introduce it as soon as the Legislature meets. His most determined predecessor in this effort was DAVID FERRIS, who during his long service as a member of the Legislature and up to the time of his death never failed to introduce a bill every year to abolish the whipping post and every year it was defeated.

But Mr. FERRIS's efforts were not entirely in vain. He did not succeed in doing away with the whipping post, but he did succeed in doing away with the whipping post's companion punitive instrument, the pillory. Eighteen years ago Delaware consigned the pillory to the medieval junk heap; but she has clung tenaciously to the whipping post.

The outlook for Mr. MILLER's bill is not promising. Already opposition measures confirming the use of the lash for certain types of offenders against the laws, and even extending it, are in process of preparation. In one of these bills it is proposed to apply whipping post punishment to drunken automobile drivers. Last session an attempt was made to apply it to bootleggers. But that effort failed.

In spite of a storm of denunciation that has poured on Delaware from all points of the moral and physical compass for half a century or more the Blue Hen State has clung to her whipping post with a grip that never for a moment showed signs of relaxing. It seems to be the opinion of the majority of the people of the State that this method of punishing and of restricting crime has vindicated itself. It cannot be said that it is an opinion reached hastily. A century or so of continuous observation of the effectiveness of the whipping post in restraining the activities of evildoers should be a sufficiently long experimental test.

That tying men to a post and lashing their bare backs with a savagely cutting whip is shocking to the sensibilities of many persons is beyond question. For that matter, so are some other penalties which the criminal laws impose.

Jail for Greedy Landlords.

Apartment house landlords who can get coal to heat their properties and to furnish hot water for their tenants but who make the shortage of coal an excuse for not living up to the terms of the leases they have signed and the requirements of the Department of Health deserve exactly the kind of treatment the Court of Special Sessions is giving them—heavy fines for first offenders, jail sentences for persistent offenders.

It is the duty of everybody who knows of an apartment house or a tenement house in New York city in which heat and hot water are not supplied by the landlord when the leases require him to supply them to report the case to the Mayor of the city of New York at City Hall.

This suggestion is not made with the idea of loading unnecessary work on the Mayor's organization but because every New Yorker knows where the City Hall is, and the Mayor's executive assistants can, without loss of time, refer the complainants to the authorities empowered to act promptly in each case.

This may impose some trouble on the Mayor's organization, but THE NEW YORK HERALD is certain that the Mayor will be glad to learn of all the cases of willful and illegal failure to furnish heat that are brought to his attention.

Radio Reaches Pitcairn Island.

Pitcairn Island, a lone point of land rising almost 2,000 feet out of the southern Pacific Ocean, has a radio station, according to a cable message from Honolulu, and for the first time in its history is in direct communication with the outside world. Mails come at infrequent intervals to Pitcairn, sometimes as many as five years elapsing between their arrivals. Lying out of the lanes of Pacific travel few ships pass Pitcairn and sailors aboard these are loath to risk their lives to make a landing in the high seas beating against the rocky coasts. There is no good reason for laying a cable to Pitcairn and the radio thus presented the only means of linking up the people of this lonely island with the rest of the world.

There are about 180 persons living on the island. Most of them are descendants of the mutineers who seized the British ship Bounty and settled on Pitcairn in 1790. Once the islanders, greatly reduced in numbers by sickness, were transferred to another island, but they had formed such an attachment for Pitcairn that they were returned to it. The island forms a part of the High Commissionership of the western Pacific, but the only visit ever made to it by a High Commissioner was that of Sir CECIL RODWELL in 1921.

The inhabitants of the island, who are Seventh Day Adventists, lost their minister in 1896 and were without another until last year, principally because no ship could be found to carry to Pitcairn with his family the one man who was willing to accept this remote charge. The islanders first heard of the world war when it was almost ended.

The Pacific and its islands have again a place in the news since the writers of South Sea romances have stopped finding lands inhabited by nymphs and sirens of wondrous beauty. New islands are still being discovered. Others are apparently dropping out of sight. A few days ago a Japanese war vessel went out into the Pacific to take possession of one of the awards of an international conference and found that the prize had disappeared. The ship steamed around for miles and took soundings at a point where the island was reported to be but could find no trace of it. The Pacific still holds many secrets besides those of treasure buried on its islands and sunk with lost ships.

The United States Navy recently made a chart of 12,000 square miles of the Pacific bed and reported the finding of several new mountains of considerable height. An attempt was made by a geographical expedition to find the greatest depth of the southern Pacific valleys, but it reported that no instrument has been invented that would measure it. The radio is bringing the islands into closer communication with one another and with the mainland. Honolulu recently reported that music broadcast by a radio station at Atlanta, Georgia, was heard distinctly at Wailuku, Island of Maui.

The Pitcairn islanders are a simple, hard working people and apparently they are not discontented with their isolation. The idea possessed by many of them of the outside world comes largely from traditions of their ancestors. A traveler who visited the island as a member of the High Commissioner's party said that the men showed little curiosity regarding the world and that the women were not interested in how women elsewhere were dressing. The island is dry, the dryest land in the Pacific, it is said, as not a drop of spirits has reached it since the mutineers drained their last keg. The inhabitants base their strict adherence to prohibition on a deep religious conviction.

It will be interesting to know what changes the radio will bring to these remote people. What will the news of the world mean to them, what will be the effect of the music and entertainment which most of them will hear for the first time? And will the Pitcairn children sleep more soundly under the spell of the radio bedtime stories than they did before they had that luxury? The radio brings them suddenly into touch with the world, but a world greatly changed in the 132 years which have passed since their mutinous ancestors landed on the island.

At present a weary company of Russians, exiles from a Bolshevist ridden land, is cruising the Pacific, barred from all ports and absolutely without a home. Perhaps these unhappy persons will reach Pitcairn Island and tell of their landing by radio.

Waste Lands for Game Refuges.

Most sportsmen seem to be in favor of the enactment into law of the public shooting ground and game refuge bill which has passed the Senate and is now before the House of Representatives. Its object is to conserve the supply of migratory birds through the establishment of areas for breeding, feeding and resting, and also to provide shooting grounds for the use of the general public during the open season.

It is estimated that the proposed license fee of $1 would yield an annual income of two million dollars. One-half of this fund is to be expended in the purchase of land and water areas available for game conservation uses, while the other half is to be employed in protecting the birds and in the care of the areas set aside under the law.

The area of marsh land and water available for the project at the present time in the United States is put at 60,000,000 acres. It is asserted by friends of the measure that many hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in the past in draining swamp lands that proved to have no value for agriculture. Left in their natural state they might have been made to yield a substantial return in waterfowl.

Some idea of the revenue to be derived by the States from waterfowl preserves may be gained from the showing made last year by Minnesota, where the income from ducks and geese was put at two millions of dollars. Wisconsin with its many lakes, and Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana with river and swamp shooting offering many opportunities also reaped rich harvests from the army of gunners who found recreation in a few days sport.

In the East, Long Island, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas and Florida have yielded to hunters rich rewards in health and tempting fare. Everywhere the wisdom of the migratory bird treaty made with Canada is apparent in an increasing supply of birds.

At present much of the best wild fowl shooting is found in private preserves or proprietary clubs. The advocates of the pending bill hold that this condition would be changed by its provisions, which would enable anybody to enjoy the sport of gunning at the cost of a dollar a year for a license. As an officer of the American Game Protective and Propagation Association puts it, every sportsman will "know there is a place where he can shoot and that there will be something to shoot at when he gets there."

An enthusiastic mathematician is one who has reserved a table of logarithms for to-night.

The gentlemen composing the American Historical Society, meeting last week in New Haven, heard, among others, from Secretary of State HUGHES, former Secretary of State LANSING and Sir ROBERT BORDEN, former Premier of Canada. Thus the recorders of the advance of mankind go to original sources for information; the men who write history listen to the men who make it.

Demand for flavors to replace some of those popular in the past that have disappeared has stirred the inventors to such a degree that there is a new one almost every day. Now an apple flavor has been devised which is said to be as good as the original and is, moreover, perfectly legal.

Cautious hotel proprietors in other cities who close their hotels rather than risk damage to the furniture from New Year's eve celebrations must have been accustomed to greater gayety than the metropolis ever knew.

It is easier to turn over a new leaf than to take off a rusty license plate.

Caprice.

She is sitting in a corner
With a book,
Quaint as elder blossoms bending
To the brook;

So petite and so alluring
In her nook—
Could I pierce that veil of silence
With a look?

Probably, but if she felt it
And forsook
Pleasant peace for love's adventure—
Can she cook?

HELEN FRAZER-BOWER.

New Mexico.

As of lands remote, afar,
Through New Mexico
Names may sparkle like Separ,
Onava, Cerro,
Then a bit of Celtic blarney
Such as Dillon, Nolan, Barney
Jigs across it, oh!
Or a Yankee touch you notice—
Elkins, Folsom, Springer, Otis,
Watrous and Thoreau.

Viridescent hues all vanish
In New Mexico,
In a world that seems to banish
Thoughts about zero.
There the only thing that's chili
Is of burning heat;
As a name there "Alps" sounds grilly,
Tinctured with deceit.

There the atmosphere is Spanish—
"New" does not mean new;
There "mañana," watchword clannish,
Adds you to its crew;
There the patting of tortillas
And the draping of mantillas
Hold persuasive sway;
And you sink to your siesta,
Sighing, "What a thing is rest, ah!
For the rest—good day!"

But it seems that time is winging
And the flow of ink we're slinging
Hardly names a name.
That, you see, is quite New Mexic,
Putting off a thing perplexic—
'Tis a crying shame.
Let us then haste to our labor
Ere the space runs out.
Dulce, Rosa—like a tabor
With a guitar strummed as neighbor
Are the names that sprout.

Lava Veta, Mescalero,
Miera, Palmilla,
Las Colonias, Otero,
Malaga, Castilla,
Tajarito, Cimilbrio,
Puerto di Luna,
Questa, Baca, Chico—trio
Wreathed into a line, ah!

Albuquerque, Tula Rosa,
Rayad, Alamillo,
Pedernal, Abo, Hermosa,
Zuñi, Bernadillo;
Caliente, Manuelito,
Volcano, Santa Fe,
Ojo del Anil, El Rito,
Ortiz, San Jose;
La Joya, Tramperas, Caseta,
Barranca, Jemez,
Sabinoso, Servilleta,
Cabezon, Pasquez.

Palo Blanco, Tucumcari,
Endee, Beenham, Bell,
Eddy, Levy—just to vary—
Shoemaker, Roswell;
Raton, Ocate, Amargo,
Cresco, Wagonmound,
Cabero, Embudo—cargo
Of entrancing sound—
Sounds that rise and ebb and flow
Throughout old New Mexico.

MAURICE MORRIS.

By Theodore Roosevelt.

"That Evil Thing Which Is Called 'Class Consciousness.'"

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: When the Workers party of America appeals to class consciousness by calling on the revolutionary elements of the country to rally under the party banner and go forward "to the victory of the American social revolution under the leadership and guidance of the Communist International" it seems appropriate to quote the following excerpt from Theodore Roosevelt, written back in 1908:

"Every farsighted patriot should protest first of all against the growth in this country of that evil thing which is called 'class consciousness.' The demagogue, the sinister or foolish socialist visionary who strives to arouse this feeling of class consciousness in our working people, does a foul and evil thing; for he is no true American, he is no self-respecting citizen of this republic, he forfeits his right to stand with manly self-reliance on a footing of entire equality with all other citizens; who bows to envy and greed, who erects the doctrine of class hatred into a shibboleth, who substitutes loyalty to men of a particular status, whether rich or poor, for loyalty to those eternal and immutable principles of righteousness which bid us treat each man on his worth as a man, without regard to his wealth or his poverty."

Would that Theodore Roosevelt were with us to-day!

ELIZABETH OGDEN WOOD.

NEW YORK, December 30.

Color of the Snow.

Plain White, Declares One Who Has Often Painted It.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: Allow me to make a few remarks alluding to your fine editorial article praising snow.

My brother owns a painting by a Hollander—a master of 150 years ago—in which the snow is not white but shows the delicate tints of the sunset glow bursting through the trees and past the low Dutch houses. It is a skating scene. Modern art is as old as the hills, only examples of snow scenes of old masters are not so plentiful.

Why, I painted snow before Redfield was born, away back in Ithaca in 1882. I painted an oil without my having seen any of Sisley's technic in 1885, the snow reflecting the colors of the sky and near color of the objects. Exactly his discovery. I was a pioneer in the modern viewpoint without my knowing it forty-four years ago.

Through the succeeding years until now I painted more than fifty snow scenes in different technics—just as interesting as any of the other famous painters, if not more delicate.

Forgive me if I do not agree with your statement that snow is not white. Of course it is pure white. Ask the scientists. On a gray day it is grayish white. Hold a snowball in your hand; it is pure white. Let the sunset play on the snowball: the crystals of the snow at once are live with colors. This the painter knows, and he puts his colors into the white pigment.

A bed sheet is white. Place a candle in front of it; see, it grows to be faint yellow and the shadows are bluish. But the sheet remains white. Sheet and snow are the same.

LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS.

NEW YORK, December 30.

New York Governors.

Horatio Seymour Had Two Terms Which Were Not Continuous.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: If Governor Smith really said that he is the first Governor in ninety-eight years—since De Witt Clinton—to go back to Albany after a period of private life he overlooked the case of Governor Horatio Seymour.

Seymour served a second term as Governor in 1863 and 1864, after ten years interval. His first term was in 1853 and 1854.

A. MILLERITH.

NEW YORK, December 30.

Whence Came the Name of New York

Rival Claims of Romans, Celts, Norsemen and Other Early Invaders of Great Britain.

Carl C. Peterson's interesting letter tracing the origin of York to Jorvik supports my view that there is nothing more entertaining, nothing more misleading than folk etymology.

As regards his explanation of Jorvik, exactly why the Norsemen should name a town situated fifty miles away from the sea the Bay of Horses Mr. Peterson fails to explain. And why they should name it at all since it already had a name when they arrived may be a matter worth investigation.

York is known to have been occupied by the Britons, the Brigantes, a powerful tribe or confederacy that inhabited north Britain from the mouth of the Humber on the east and of the Mersey on the west to the Roman wall of Antoninus. Thus the territory they occupied included Cumberland, Durham, Lancashire and parts of Northumberland and the greater part of Yorkshire. They are said to have been defeated by Publius Scapula Ostorius, who succeeded Aulus Plautius about A. D. 50, just four hundred years before the landfall of the Norsemen.

When the Romans descended on the shores of Britain they found that the Celts and the Belgæ had preceded them. The Belgæ were a Teutonic tribe whose people in Cæsar's time possessed the mainland of Europe from the Rhine to the Seine. This tribe, crossing the Channel, settled in the southern part of Britain, inhabiting that region which today comprises Hampshire, Somersetshire and Wiltshire, but over the rest of the land even to the adjacent country Ierne—modern Ireland—the Celtic was the dominating race. Certain Gallic tribes inhabited eastern Britain, and to the north controlling the basin of the Clyde lived the Cymry, a Bryttuonic branch—Welsh-Breton—of the Celts. Possibly a few Saxons or Frisians also dwelt on the eastern shores of Britain.

The common history of York begins with the Roman occupation notwithstanding the fact that an early British settlement existed there and the name Eboracum which the Romans bestowed on the colony was not by any means a new appellation, for the Roman Eboracum, or as sometimes written Eburacum, is derived from the old Celtic form Eburacon, of which the suffix, acum, acon, is the possessive or common domanial form. Therefore, it does not seem to me "idle to speculate upon the Welsh and Irish forms of the name of York." As for Jorvik, later contracted to Jork, C. T. Onions in Dr. Murray's New English Dictionary points ou that this form dates from 960, or five hundred and twenty years later than the Norsemen's landfall.

The science of etymology is not an exact science but a speculative one, and therefore it is one which has suffered incalculable harm at the hands of theorizing devotees who, carried away by their enthusiasm for the cause, aim to provide some sort of etymology for every word in the language without regard to the limits of human knowledge. Any one who aims to give a trustworthy account of place names of all the countries must command a thorough knowledge of the languages of their peoples, of their ethnology and development, of their chronicles, folklore, superstitions and religious belief, but above all he must have a first hand knowledge of the topography and geography of the places about which he writes.

In a chart of the settlements of the Celts, Saxons, Danes and Norwegians in the British Islands and northern France which I have before me I find Celts and Saxons over Northumbria, Danes over Mercia and Norwegians along the Mercian coast, the southern part of Strathclyde and the northeastern and northwestern shores of Scotland.

Treating of place names my old friend Dr. Walter Skeat once said: "The wild and ignorant guesswork of the eighteenth century and some of the nineteenth century has filled our county histories with many misleading theories with the result that these unconscionable inventions have not infrequently found their way even into the ordnance maps." Many of the changes in the forms of names appear to have been simply phonetic, and to this source Taylor tells us that we owe Bakewell from Badecanwylla, Epsom from Ebbsham, Boston from Bolt's tun, Amersham from Agemondesham, and York from Eurewic.

The Norsemen owe their loss to the title of originating the name of York to their own tardiness, for they were closer to the shores of Albion than the Romans and might have descended thereon long before them.

With their occupation of Britain the Norsemen brought their language, but notwithstanding a tarriance which came as a blight upon the land lasting for nearly two and a half centuries, during which they ravaged it, terrorized the people, burned their homes, their churches, their monasteries and schools, the Scandinavian influence upon the language was preserved only in the dialects. The Norse element in personal and place names is greater than the purely linguistic element, although more than five hundred Norse terms have been appropriated by the language.

Mr. Peterson's allusive reference to the great province of Northumberland being "governed" by the jarls is right. Indeed it was. In 491 Aelle and Cissa beset Anderida and slew all that were therein, nor was there afterward one Briton left. Ida the Torchbearer assumed the kingdom of Northumbria in the year 547. He reigned twelve years and fell in battle against the Britons, but the ancient Anglican kingdom Deira, which extended from the Humber to the Tees, does not appear to have been founded previous to his death.

After all, what does it matter now? Few of us care what the name may have meant at the time of the Norse invasion, but many of us do want to know what it stands for to-day, and who can tell? FRANK H. VIZETELLY.

The Hegeman Memorial.

The New Tuberculosis Research Laboratory at Mount McGregor.

A tuberculosis research laboratory is nearing completion on Mount McGregor, where the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has a sanitarium for the care and treatment of those of its employees who have tuberculosis. The late John R. Hegeman, president of the Metropolitan, left in his will a portion of his residuary estate for a building at Mount McGregor to be known as the Hegeman Memorial. Just what the final account will show is the amount of the legacy is not known, but it has been estimated to be something more than $250,000. The board of directors of the Metropolitan accepted the gift, and it was determined that at Mount McGregor a research laboratory should be established under the name of the Hegeman Memorial.

The laboratory building is 38 feet by 52 feet in area and three stories and attic in height. The exterior walls are of stone quarried on the mountain and roughly dressed, giving a quality of sturdiness and simplicity to the architecture. The interior floors and partitions are of fireproof construction, built to withstand the hard usage of laboratory work.

The first floor is given over entirely to the housing and care of the animals that will be used in experimental research. The rooms are large, light and airy, making it possible to keep the animals in the most hygienic surroundings. The animal cages are all suspended from the ceiling in the central portion of the rooms so that the floors and walls can be kept thoroughly clean. The walls, ceiling and floors are all finished in concrete. There are also rooms for the proper storage of food for the animals.

Part of the animal rooms are so constructed that runways for the healthy animals can be had directly off to the side so that the animals can have access to open outdoor life when the weather is favorable. Under the front entrance the hot water, steam, gas and compressed air apparatus is housed in a fireproof, well ventilated room.

The second floor has five rooms. One room is devoted to routine clinical laboratory work, another to routine chemical work, another to research chemistry and another to a pathological museum and to gross and micro photographic work, with a completely equipped dark room adjacent. The fifth room is a lecture room equipped with a baloptican, blackboards, &c., and has a seating capacity of about one hundred.

The third floor has eight rooms. These rooms are fully equipped with the best of modern laboratory apparatus to carry on bacteriological, serological, pathological and chemical research work in connection with the investigation of problems concerned in the understanding of disease processes in the body and in the control of these conditions through rational methods of treatment.

On this floor there is a large built in incubator, which is electrically heated to body temperature for the growth of bacteria which cause disease, such as the tubercle bacillus.

One of the rooms on this floor is the office of the director. Another is devoted to a working library in which there are all of the modern medical periodicals of value to the laboratory worker.

All of the laboratory rooms are equipped with gas, hot and cold water, steam, compressed air and electricity. Modern work tables and chemical hoods are to be had in abundance. All of the apparatus, wherever possible, is connected up with electricity or live steam to avoid the problem of gas supply as much as possible.

The building is ideally located, as it has unobstructed access to daylight on all sides and is of easy access to the wards in the hospital.

The only ornamentation to this laboratory workhouse is a bronze door and archway on which are a bas-relief of the donor, John Rogers Hegeman, and the inscription "John Rogers Hegeman Memorial." This doorway well sets off the sturdy and pleasing architectural lines of the building. The building gives the observer a deep impression of the character of the donor—his keen desire to have his memorial be the benefit to humanity accrued through the solving of the problems of disease in the efficiently equipped laboratory rooms rather than a highly ornamental gift in which the miseries of life find no relief.

New Sensation at Panama.

From the Panama Canal Record.

The Cunard liner Laconia transited the canal on Wednesday, November 29, on an around the world cruise with a party of 356 tourists. This is the first commercial passenger vessel to have passed through the canal on an around the world cruise and her passage aroused unusual interest at the canal. The tolls paid for her transit through the canal were $13,237.50.

The Icicle.

A long and slender icicle
Is hanging from the eaves
Where winter out of sun and frost
A fairy lacework weaves.
It tapers to a point as fine
As any ever made
For keen rapier of cavalier,
Or old Toledo blade.

The sunrise sets it all aflame
From polished hilt to tip
Until it seems along its length
With drops of blood to drip—
It is the keen stiletto forged
In silence by the powers
Of darkness and of cold, with which
They slew the summer flowers.

MINNA IRVING.

Carmel Intaglios.

I.

A FLIGHT OF GULLS.

Clouds about the crests of Santa Lucia,
Gusty clouds of amethyst and purple,
And against the clouds a flight of seagulls—
White, or glinting with the sheen of silver—
Eddying, gyrating, wheeling, circling, swirling,
Like gigantic snowflakes.

II.

OVER NIGHT.

Over night—and out of sleeping
Manzanita blossoms spring;
Sudden mushrooms' domes are peeping
In a fairy ring.

Over night the swift transmuting
Of the gray to rose and fawn;
From the silence bluebirds fluting—
Fluting in the dawn.

Over night—and opal gleaming
Lifted reeds are dew-empearled;
Out of darkness, out of dreaming,
Wakens the whole world.

III.

BROOM.

Tiny little balls of bloom,
That's the broom!—
Golden at the peer of dawn,
Golden at the noon,
Golden when the night has gone
Underneath the moon;
Golden in the gloom—
That's the broom!

Sun or shadow, shine or shower,
Why not wear, through every hour,
The demeanor of the flower?

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Moving Statues.

Interesting Possibilities of the Experiment at the Louvre.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: A dispatch from your Paris Bureau seems to make an unusually strong appeal to the artistic imagination. It was to the effect that the directors of the Louvre are to have the statuary in that great treasure house of art filmed by modern moving picture cameras. It is believed that the process will superbly "expose the souls" of such famous works as the Winged Victory and other Greek masterpieces.

Among modern sculptures those of Rodin, who persistently strove to convey the effect of motion in his marbles, are expected to reveal especially brilliant results from their filming. The experiment of slowly revolving a seventeenth century bust of Henry IV. before the camera is said to have educed a realism concealed through generations and kindled enthusiastic anticipation of the releasing of latent beauty of mobility in the greater statuary.

Should the plan prove as fruitful in vitalising results as is hoped our own sculptural possessions will doubtless be subjected to the same treatment. Indeed, New Yorkers already have something better than a hint of the possibilities which it may achieve in the lifelike movement of the Saint Gaudens statue of Diana, so poised on the pinnacle of the Madison Square Garden tower that she turns on tiptoe to shoot her golden arrow in the direction of every veering wind.

Although it could not be expected that such apparent swiftness of motion would be educed by the filming of French's marble groups of the nations in front of the New York Custom House yet we should like to see the inscrutable Asia and matronly Europe appear to turn their gaze upon our busy modern scene that surrounds them. Of course the slumbering Africa could not thus be awakened, yet the alert young America would surely seem to start forward to grasp the dream of the future that fills her eyes.

Perhaps Ward's colossal bronze of George Washington in Wall street, whose serenity not even the terrible bomb explosion in front of his pedestal could disturb, would appear to complete the stately gesture of the uplifted hand, while he surveyed with kindling pride the marvelous development of the twentieth century city.

In City Hall Park MacMonnies's gallant Nathan Hale would surely reveal new nobility in his glance, as he declares his regret that he has but one life to give for his country. And Saint Gaudens's sturdy Admiral Farragut in Madison Square, who has always seemed to need only trifling encouragement to lift his binoculars to his seaward gazing eyes, would probably register exceptionally dramatic results under the film's analysis, while the same artist's marching Sherman in the plaza at the southern entrance to Central Park is pervaded with an elan of motion all but chafing to reveal itself to the new photography, both from rider and steed, as well as from the resistless figure of Victory that leads their progress.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art will furnish an important contribution of subjects for the film's interpreting. Rodin's Thinker may seem to start from his long meditation to hurl into action that titanic form; Borglum's Mares of Diomedes will rush with even more headlong fury than the scarcely restraining bronze now permits, while the colossal marble wrestlers of Barnard's Two Natures in Man will appear to grapple as with the shock of Hercules and Antæus.

But perhaps the people of France, where this process of exposing the souls of statues was inaugurated, will not be satisfied with our own experiments until we dare to film the mighty gift of France to the United States, Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty. No power can be found to revolve the giant form on her pedestal, so probably she will have to be filmed by a camera swept about her by an airplane. Perhaps then she will disclose the imperious gesture of command that many were sure they glimpsed in 1917, when with flaming torch she appeared to summon the youth of America to the succor of the war ravaged land across the sea.

ELIOT WHITE.

NEW YORK, December 30.

English in Florida.

They Have Booteries, Realtors and a Grocerteria.

TO THE NEW YORK HERALD: In the city of Jacksonville Fla., there is not a single shoe store. There are some sixteen, more or less, "booteries" where "footeries" are advertised for sale, but where one goes to buy a pair of shoes I have not discovered.

Not a single real estate agent in the entire city; close to a million "realtors," though.

Down in West Palm Beach they have a "grocerteria," which, I believe, is sort of sister-in-law to a cafeteria and distantly related to a grocery store.

FRANK A. EGAN.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., December 27.

Six Weeks From Port to Port

Rapid Voyages Across the Atlantic in the Eighteenth Century.

From the Saturday Review.

In his address to the Wesleyans the other day Mr. Lloyd George was reported as having said that George Whitefield had crossed the Atlantic thirty-seven times. Whether the mistake was that of the speaker or the reporter, it is rather odd that it should have passed without comment. The actual number of voyages that Whitefield made was thirteen, and even that was a remarkable achievement in an age when an Atlantic passage which only took six or seven weeks was a remarkably rapid one.

On Whitefield's first trip to America he was actually held up for more than a month, waiting in the Downs for a favorable wind; his second voyage out lasted eleven weeks. Sir George Trevelyan in his admirable history of the American Revolution reminds us that even Generals and plenipotentiaries, traveling in the finest ships of the eighteenth century, thought themselves lucky if they made a passage of only six weeks from port to port; General Riedesel counted three mortal months from the Elbe to the St. Lawrence.

The modern traveler finds it difficult to realize the difference between a modern liner and the "badly found tub, with a cargo of millstones and of iron rolling about below," which served the average passenger to New York until less than a hundred years ago.